The Sequel of the Unfortunate Printing of Some Versee in the Pinm Pudding and His Call with Mr. Blakiston, with an In-cident About a Bird and a Trip to Egypt. "Another one;" I saked, as Philippa handed me a rather thick, folded manuscript.

Another what?" "Oh, come now, Philippa! As if I hadn't been reading your stories for the last month!"
"Oh!" she smiled a little. "This isn't a story; at any rate, not one of mine. It's Wil-liam Everett's letter."

I balanced the manuscript critically. Three stamps at the very least," I remarked.

"Four," said Philippa. "The way of transgressors is expensive," I sighed. "Am I to read It?" "Why-yes, if you will."

If I would! I unfolded the closely written sheets and looked at the little Delft clock on the mentle. "Call again in about an hour," I said.

"Nonsense!" laughed Philippa. "It won't take you fifteen minutes. I'll wait here," and she dropped into her corner by the divan where I was lying.

It was the day after that eventful call from William Everett and Mr. Blaktston. You re-member that William Everett had printed some poor verses over Philippa's signature in the Plum Pudding, and Mr. Blakiston had accused him, and justly, too, of impertinence in doing it. If Mr. Hawkins had taken that liberty with another man's name it would not have been quite so had, but with Philippa's! Some-times, during the night, when I thought or it I felt myself get hot all over, I was so indigwhen I thought of the verses themselves; and I always ended my round of emotions by saying, "Poor Billy."

His letter was fresistible. It did not at-

tempt a defence; there would have been no use in doing that. But he humbled himself so completely and was so clever and comical with it all that I smiled continually as I read. When one smiles, forgiveness is not far off, so I knew that William Everett's case was all right when I looked around at Philippa and found that her eyes were dancing with amused recollection of certain passages in the letter. "I see that he intends coming up to night," I said as I folded the letter. "Of course, we shall keep our distance at first."

"Of course," said Philippa, after the merest "And make him realize his guilt."

"Of course," said Philippa, after the merest pause.
"And make him realize his guilt."
"Ye-es."
"And end by thawing a little."
"A very little."
"A very little."
"I looked over my shoulder at Philippa. We exchanged a knowing glan-e and then fell to laughing.
"Poor Billy!" I said. "But, seriously, Philippa, don't dazzle him by too sudden and complete clemency. If you do, you will turn his head and he will haunt the house. You know we're a lot to do before we leave town."
Humph: as it has turned out no one is less likely to interfere with our preparations than William Everett Hawkins, but I couldn't foresee what would happen that night. For part of the story I am indebted to Philippa. Of the rest I was an eyewitness.
William Everett came as he had said he would, and we treated him as we had not said we intended to. We scolded him frankly, teased him, laughed with him, did everything except treat him with coldness and make him feel that we despised him. The kinder we were, the more deeply convicted of sin became William Everett, until, finally, he was as mournful as a funeral. When we all went out to the dining room to fix up something in the chafing dish, he went along as usual, and gone out lato the kitchen together and from there stepped out on to the fire escance pistform. I was grating the cheese. Adele was in on the divan looking over a new book. She never puts herself out for William Everett. Frances was bustling around getting the celery said and the cayenne pepper and other things.

"Philippa will take cold out there," he said, coming in from the kitchen.

Frances interests one. The excitement of a courtship would never keep her from taking cold. I think she would refuse a man who would go down on his knees in the damp grass because she would be sure such a man would have to be nursed through infammatory rheumatism later.

"William Everett is more likely to take cold," I remarked with a smile.

PHILIPPA IN TEARY MOOD, demanded, "You are not, going to Egypt. demanded. You are not going to Egypt.
What are you going to do?"
Begging your pardon, and hoping that you will be mine for this lack of confidence in me.
I really am going to Egypt. Start next week."
"But the season."
"I have an idea it's just the season for the

ird I'm after."
I looked at Philippa and then abandoned my

I looked at Philippa and then abandoned my ouestioning.

When she came to my room that night, as she always does, in kiss me before going to bed, I looked at her closely to see whether she was going to enlighten me. I fancied there was something lingering in her manner, so I said:

"Well, dear?"

"You know," she said.

"Yee, I replied. "It was when you were out on the fire escape."

"Yes, He was nice about it, too. All he said was—just as if it were some every-day matter—By the way. Philippa, I don't suppose you could ever care enough for me to marry me? I was so survived I said No."

"That's what I thought, he said, sort of gruffly. "Of coarse, I knew you couldn't. I just thought I'd ask so as to be sure. I won't speak of it sgain, and he went off in a long harangue about hieyeles and that sort of thing. I don't know when he dropped his cigarette. Wasn't that bird funny?"

"And he is really going to Egypt?"

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes."
"Are you sorry?"
"Are you sorry?"
"Awfully."
"But you don't intend to keep him at home?"
"How can I?"
"Poor Billy!" I sighed. "Well, that simplifies matters."
"What do you mean?"
"Did you read that Marsellles story about Bernhardt in the paper the other day? How she went on the stage with five Turks instead of six?"

she went on the stage with the Turks instead of six?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well! You are short one Turk, Philippa; what do you mean to do with the rest?"

"Don't, please! Not to night!"

She kissed me and went out. There were tears in her eyes. She sa kind-hearted child. Most of us women shed a few tears on such occasions, especially when we are kind-heart ed and the man isn't obnoxious. But who would have accepted a proposal like that, any way? Poor Billy!

THE TIME TO LAUGH.

A True Philosopher's Guide Reflections of the Laws of Appropriate Laughter. Law and order, says the wise woman, arwonderful things. They will inspire awe if properly contemplated. The taste for so con-templating them is, however, like the taste for tabaseo, not innate, but acquired. To the natural man, him of the as yet non-spiritual body

they made but scant appeal. The natural man is, in these times and lands, usually a box, and he evinces his indifference to the majestic beauty of system in uncounted ways. One way n which he manifests his objection to system is in his laughter. He laughs when he chooses, at what he chooses, and, for the most part,

where he chooses.

As, however, the wise woman continues, the crude, unpolished boy of fourteen develops through the spiritualizing influences of polite society into the well-polished man of thirtyfour he acquires for law a reverence which whole course of his life by rule, not his work merely, but even his pleasures. Think of it Nothing is left to the chance direction of im pulse or spontaneity, not even a laugh. The untrained boy laughed when he chose. Society laughs when laughter is appropriate, and has

fixed rules defining the word "appropriate."

The nature of these rules for laughter is so mysterious to the unipitiated that an ignoramus

"damn" when the lady is absent. The chiloscopher must disabuse his mind of the idea that humor remains humor under all circumstances.

There are some jokes which depend for their humor on the presence of their subjects, and others which lose all flavor the moment their subjects enter. For example, it is highly laughable to remark, in the presence of a lawyer, that after a lawyer is dead he "lies still." but one sees no point in the remark if the lawyer is absent. The Englishman joke, on the contrary, loses its existence on the arrival of the Englishman. Even that story in which we have all delighted, the one about the Englishman who saw no humor in the sign. "Three miles to Yonkers—if you can't read inquire of the blacksmith," and who finally explained his American friend's laughter by saying. "Aw. I see—the blacksmith might have been out," "causes an effect of positive gloom upon all American hearers when Englishmen are present. The Englishmen seem frequently to reliah it very much. Just here it is perhaps well to suggest to the philosopher, since otherwise he would probably see no reason for so doing, that it is customary in all Anglo-American stories to make the Englishman the man who falls to see the joke. The American joking habit makes this demand. There are also some jokes that are like patent leather shoes, sometimes "in," sometimes "out." No philosopher could learn why. Puns are of this class. Once every one laughed at them, then no one laughed at them, who have any particularly meaningless pun, such as:

The maiden slept. The artist came, and with his yellow ochre." Is very laughable just now.

Besides the permanent jokes and the annual jokes, ang the jokes that pass and reappear in the changes of fashion, there are other jokes which appear to bloom gayly for a season and then pass into darkness forever. The dry Sunday joke was of this sort; the bloomer girl can scarce hold out a twelvemonth more, but must follow her predecessor, the typewriter joke, into the river. The new-woman joke will join her th

How Mighty Oak Fought Sits Way to the

Mountains Where the Hoosh Grows, MEXICO CITY, May 23.- The most curious and probably the most powerful intextcant in the world is the cactus button. No man who has become thoroughly addicted to the use of it has been able to master the habit: for the cactus manino lives upon the most glorious visions that man has ever seen. For him life is a little piece of heaven let down upon earth. To him all the mysterious beauties of another world are opened. One of the properties of the intextication produced by the cactus button is that the visions that accompany it produce an ecstatic happiness. Even the most horrible dreams bring with them an exalted sense of pleasure. It was this curious characteristic that gave the cactus button such an attraction for the earlier Indian.

or less common among the natives of the northern part of Mexico, especially along the banks of the Rio Grande. If one can believe the stories of the native tribes, the cactus button is seldom found north of this river. There are stories innumerable of this curious intoxicant still alive in the Mexican States of Chi-huahua, Coahui'a, and Sonora, and even as far

he lay down and slept. At sunrise he was awasened by the screeching of an army of eagles. He looked up, and the sky all around the top of the cliff was black with them. Such a moise he had never before heard. It was worse than 10,000 warriers giving the warrery together. After several tainutes the noise subsided. Then a great black earls flapped its wings and screeched:

"Ha, Mighty Oak, you have come to take the boosh back with you. But you cannot have it while I am alive. Thus said the Evil Spirit long rears ago, when he placed me here to guard the gateway to Hooshland. Oh, you must fing. Why did you come? You will never be able to climb the tail cliff for the hood, so I will eat it myself."

At this Mighty Oak grew angry, and seized his bow and shot upward at the great eagle litt the arrow, before it reached the top of the cliff, turned and fell backward to the around. And the great eagle laughed and said:

"Oh, you puny thing. And this is he whom they call Mighty Oak, He who cannot shoot to the top of a cliff must go hunting for the hoosh that the Evil Spirit has hid." And the eagle laughed and screeched again.

**Once more Mighty Oak drew his bow, this time with greater strength than he had used ever before, for he thought of a pair of beautiful back eyes in the North-land. Up, no went the arrow, so high that the eye could not follow it. And as it went all the eagles mocked. Suddenly the great king hird uttered such a scream that the towering cliff shook to its very base. The eagle fell down, down to the earth, and lay at Mighty Oak's feet. But the arrow was not in its body. It had gone clean through. When the other eagles saw that their leader was dead, they all cried out:

"Do not shoot us, Mighty Oak. We will show you where the hoosh grows."

Then they all came down in a body and led him up by a secret path to the hooshfields. Wighty Oak and returned to his home with it. The old chief ate the hoosh before his death, as he had prophesied he would. He also blessed Mighty Oak and his beautiful bride.

Ever

NATURE'S PRICE LIST.

A Short Sermon to Modern Moneymakers by Jerome K, Jerome,

Copyright, ine, by Jerome K. Jerome. Nature has her coinage, and demands pay-ment in her own currency. At Nature's shop it is yourself who has to pay. Your unearned increment, your inherited fortune, your luck. are not legal tenders across her counter.

You want a good appetite so that you can en-Joy your dinner. Naure is quite willing to supply you. "Certainty, sir," she replies, "I can do you a very excellent article indeed. I have here a real genuine hunger and thirst that will make your meal a delight to you. You shall eat heartily; and with zest, and you shall rise from the table refreshed, invigorated, and

"Just the very thing I want," exclaims the gourmet, delightedly. "The price," continues Mrs. Nature, "is one long day's hard work-work both of brain

and bedy." The customer's face falls, he handles nervonsly his heavy purse.
"Cannot I pay for it in money?" he asks.
"I don't like work, but I am a rich man, and

can afford to keep French cooks, to purchase old wines." Nature shakes her head.

"I cannot take your checks; tissue and nerve are my charges. For these I can give you an appetite that will make a rump steak and

The moonlight sail up the Hudson which was so much enjoyed on Tuesday night by a number of New York society people is a new diversion for this neighborhood, but in Southern and Western cities a similar form of entertainment is relied on to furnish the principal social amusement of the summer menths, in these towns on the Ohio and Missisppi rivers, the low barges are attached to one of the ferryboats or a ing and towed up or down the river to a point distant enough to delay the return until the carly morning hours. For these parties three or four of the barges are sometimes utilized, and while they are not so laborately decorated or illuminated as the erryboat was on Tuesday night, they furnish mple facilities for dancing and other social iversions. It rarely happens that in these ver towns where only a comparatively small writin of the population leaves that in these ver towns where only a comparatively small writin of the population leaves that in these ver towns where only a comparatively small writin of the population leaves that in these ver towns where only a comparatively small writin of the population leaves the city during a summer months that a week passes with the very or the set of these baryes trips. I hear the results to see Mrs. Fleming and the remains are not imposed on by any means."

The curiosity to see Mrs. Fleming and the remains are not imposed on by any means.

not been given personally to every member of the company, but written on a placard find the company, but written on a placard and pasted near the stage entrance. As soon as the name of this manager had been mentioned the same idea seemed to occur to every person in the excited group gathered on the stage. That piece of paper was the only proof of the manager's guarantee, and everybody seemed to realize that in the same instant. With a shout the crowd started to rush toward the stage door like a pack of hounds in full cry. Men and women, principals and choristers, tumbled over one another in the effort to get the paper first. When the stage door was reached a limit dozen hands clutched simultaneously at the bulletin board.

Out of this number four succeeded in getting a grip on the paper, and the lucky possessors of these two pairs of hands struggled as hard for the possession of the notice that it parted, and each of them got a half of it. The manager's first name was on one piece, while his last name remained intact on the other. The two persons who divided the evidence were a tenor and a contraito, who during the season have been on such bad torms that not a word has passed between them for months. Even this incident failed to reconcile them, and while the woman claims that the bruintility of the tenor was responsible for the accident, he lays the whole blame for it on her. The rest of the company is concerned only for some agreement between the two which will make it possible to restore the document and give them some proof that their salarles were really guaranteed by a responsible man. The man pasted near the stage entrance. As soon as stole to restore the document and give them some proof that their salarles were really guaranteed by a responsible man. The manager in question remained profoundly indifferent to any reconciliation between the two singers, each of whom still retains a part of his guarantee and signature.

The "progressive" element in the Union Club

has, for several years, been industriously agt-

tating various propositions to move the club up town and build a club house that should be the equal, if not the superior, of any in New York; but it has again been outvoted by the conservative men in the club, and the last project has been tabled for a year at least. This is signifi-cant, and it was sold yesterday that the Metro-

hear the testimony in her trial for murder has been just as strong as was the curiosity to see Carlyle Harris when he was undergoing a similar ordeal, and the scrambles to get into the court room and the artifices worked on the guileless court officials have been many. The women who push their way in come to its season on Saturday night, and as a result stay, and they follow every turn of the case with the keenest enjoyment. Some of them have even brought opera glasses that they might the better examine the defendant's face and observe her changes of expression. One of the easiest ways thus discovered to squeeze into the court room is to display a pad of paper and say that you are a reporter or an artist. Several young law clerks whose only excuse for being present is curiosity have monopolized the best seats in the room with the help of a pad of paper. They have interfered seriously with the work of the reporters who are there to write the account of the trial op making running comments on the examination; but the court officers profess to be deceived by their statements that they are reporters. This legal fight for a woman's life has a great attraction for the idle, and it has drawn from all the other courts the people who seem to have nothing else to do but attend criminal trials day after day. of the unsatisfactory business the salaries of the singers were somewhat in arrears. The usual excitement which attends such tragic stay, and they follow every turn of the case occasions prevailed. The women were in tears and the men emphatically condemnatory of the prima donna. Suddenly somebody started to denounce a manager who had assured the payment of the salaries. This guarantee had

POLITICAL NOTES.

The Republican National Convention of 1892 met at Minneapolis on June 7, and the Democratic Con-cention at Chicago on June 21. This year the Republican Convention will meet on June 16, nine e Convention on July 7, seventeen days later than our years ago. Election day in 1892 was on Nov. duration of the canvass will be less, at both ends

The sculor United States Senator in years of service is Morrill of Vermont, who took his seat in 1867, and has been reflected consecutively ever since. He is eighty-five years of age, John Sher man of Chio, who is seventy-three, first became Senator in 1861. Allison of Iowa and Jones of Nevada stand next in seniority, having begun service n the Schate in 1873. Don Cameron, Harris of Ten nessee, Hear of Massachusetts, Morgan of Alabama, and Voorhees of Indiana have been in the Senate since 1577.

Edward J. H. Tamsen did not abandon his valentine and postal card shop on Avenue A when he became Sheriff, but continued aretail business at the old stand, and his advertisement, in German, con tains the announcement that he has been estab-lished in Avenue A since 1850. As Tamsen came to the United States only in 1869, it has been a mat-ter of conjecture on the east side how he could have opened a store nineteen years previous to his

THE REDS GOT LEMBERT.

HE HAD PIOUATED THEIR GRAPES IN SEARCH OF RELICS.

The Fatal Enthusiasm of a Hermit Naturals, ist and Antiquarian Who Lived Near the

Summittof the Mierra Nevada Mountains. From the San Francisco Ericminer, Some Indian relice in the Smithsonian Institution have been paid for in coin of human blood. John Lembert, who dug them up and sent them there, has been murdered in his

mely cabin on the Merced River.
"He knows me and will never forget ma," said Lembert once, "and occasionally I see him at a distance. He dogs my steps and peers at me from half-hidden places, and one day, perhaps, he will get me."

He has got him. The Indian is patient; he bides his time, but never abandons his purpose. This is the true indian, and the Yesemite Indian

is a true one. Old John Lembert, naturalist and hermit, had lived in the Tuolumne meadows, near the sum mit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, during the greater part of each year for something lik twenty years. The winters he passed to Yosemite, mostle in a little cabin down on the Merced—the same in which his body was found

two weeks ago.
There is no more enchanting mountain valley in California than the Tuolumne meadows, 0,000 feet above the level of the sea. There are miles of rich mendow land through which me-anders the Tuolumne River, fresh from the glaciers of Mount Dana and the slopes of Lyell.
About the meadows on all sides are spacious groves of alpine timber, fir, and tamarack and juniper, that rise up to the bases of great grane ite domes and peaks, the highest and grandess

About the meadows on all sides are spacious groves of alpine timber, fir, and tamarack and juniver, that rise up to the bases of great gransite domes and peaks, the highest and grandess in this part of the Slerra. Below, the river plunges into the Grand Cadon of the Tuolumnes above tower Mount Dana and Mount Gibbs, to the southeast Lyell and McClure dip their black needles in the sky, on the north stand Mount Conness and Castle Feak, and, rising almost out of the floor of the valley, are the beetling heights of Fairview Dome and Soda Spring, or Lembert's Dome, as it is more frequently called.

It was here that old Lembert -middle-aged Lembert then -built his cahin and staked off a quarter section in the centre of the valley, of the margin of the grass, and a matter of seventy-five yards from the fine soda spring which all travellers remember, some with pleasant thoughts, others with wry faces. Who he was or where he came from I do not know. I have asked these questions of many persons whe were acquainted with him-some as intimately as twenty spring day. Birds and bees and butterflies and myriads of insects—but wouldenly be had never told them.

In summer and quntil late in the still the Tuolumne meadows are a paradise. Save for an occasional storm which is over in no time, it is one long spring day. Birds and bees and butterflies and myriads of insects—some not altogether welcome—make their home here, and many kinds of flowers bloom in succession, not only in the meadow, but through the forest and on the loftest crags. Here the old man lived alone, esting enough to sustain life and studying the fauma and fora. When his money ran long as the sum of the meadow is presented to the sea of th